

What sort of Fable? by NeroAnne

Series: [Stonathan Week 2017 \[4\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cliche's are hard man, Jonathan has a cat again bc I just see him having cats, Jonathan is a bit ooc, M/M, Soft sweater boy with cozy kitties lemme alone, but I had a blast writing him this way, mostly's Jonathan's POV

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-21

Updated: 2017-12-21

Packaged: 2022-04-03 14:55:15

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,524

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

Almost spilling coffee on someone is totally the way to meet people in New York.

What sort of Fable?

Author's Note:

Lol, I don't even know anymore.

Day 4: Cheesy but Delicious!

*A day for all of your favorite cliché tropes, nothing is too overused, I know you love them too! Nothing is too cheesy, because honestly who doesn't love a good coffee shop AU?

Jonathan Byers did not believe in love at first sight.

He was too busy to even think about such a cliché. He had way too things to worry about. Like how he had been meaning to return his younger brother's call from Indiana but kept getting side-tracked, how he had been neglecting to buy his cat her favorite treats, how his client kept refusing to set up an appropriate photo-shoot date, and how he had forgotten to *add the damn sugar in his coffee*.

He pursed his lips, swallowing down the too-bitter liquid. He sighed, setting his appointment book aside on the table and standing, his coffee in his hand and his feet carrying him to the little stand where the sugars and creamers were stacked.

Jonathan grabbed a packet of sugar and small plastic stirrer. He brought the sugar packet to his lips, ripping it open and dumping it into his coffee cup. He stirred, glancing behind him at the sound of a couple arguing a few tables away.

The woman, clad in a rather lovely baby pink sweater and wearing a pair of tight jeans, stood and glared down at the man, who was trying to offer an explanation while trying to detach his arm from around the much younger blonde girl at his side.

Jonathan rolled his eyes, turning back to his coffee. He brought it to his lips, taking an experimental sip. Content with the less-bitter taste, he turned, making his way back to his table. He sat down, grabbing onto his book again and skimming it over.

It happened too fast that he didn't really even understand it at first.

He gasped, standing upright and pulling his book off of the desk, swinging his legs side-ways to avoid being burned by the coffee that spilled over his table. The sound of a man apologizing down to him caused his head to rise in confusion and he stared up into concerned brown eyes.

Jesus Christ.

It should be illegal to have such a wicked jawline. Thick brown hair, styled with some sort of product, surely, was pushed off of an attractive face. Full lips were frowning as they stared down at him and Jonathan forced himself to blink.

"Don't worry," the voice said, low and gentle, "it's iced." He swept a hand into his hair, visibly bothered, "I'm really sorry, that woman went flying out of here like a bat out of hell and-" the man sighed, "She bumped me and I stumbled, my coffee slipped."

Oh.

"N-no, it's fine," Jonathan stared at the dirtied table, watching as a staff member rushed over, cleaning the mess up with a frilly towel.

"I'm sorry, sir," the teenaged girl told the man, staring at him from under long lashes, "I'll get you another iced coffee right away, I saw what happened." How considerate of her.

The man smiled charmingly, thanking the girl as she walked away, before looking back down at him. "Are your papers ruined?"

What?

"Oh, no," Jonathan shuffled the book open, glancing them over. They were completely fine, a tad creased with how hard he'd fast he'd snatched the book up, but completely dry. "Really, it's fine. It wasn't your fault." His lips twitched, "It wasn't even really hers. She had every reason to be upset."

The man chuckled, "Yeah, can you imagine? Finding your significant other cheating on you in one of New York's busiest coffee shops." He

smiled down at Jonathan, offering a hand, “Steve Harrington.”

Fuck, even his hands were nice.

Jonathan smiled, extending his own hand, “Jonathan Byers,” and when their hands touched, he could swear that an electric current seized up his arm. He gasped softly, seeing the way Steve’s eyes widened. Their hands slowly fell, Steve’s long fingers trailing over his palm.

“D-did you feel that?” Steve breathed.

Stunned into silence, Jonathan merely nodded. He watched as Steve sat down heavily across from him, staring at him intensely. The taller man jumped when the girl returned with his coffee and Jonathan giggled at the confused look in Steve’s eyes as he thanked the girl before he turned back to face him.

“You have dimples,” Steve murmured, his lips curling up, “So beautiful.”

Jonathan knew that when he blushed, he turned into a tomato. So now here he was, a bright tomato staring across the small table in the quaint little coffee shop at a very gorgeous male with impressive height, phenomenal hair, a jawline to die for, and nice hands.

And they had met over spilled coffee.

What sort of cliché bullshit was this?!

--

“I’m a model.”

Of fucking course he was.

“I’m not surprised by that,” Jonathan said honestly as they sat on his couch, smiling behind his wine glass at Steve’s curious brow raise. “I’m a photographer; you have what we call the *total package*.” Why did he say that? He sipped his whine to avoid cringing at his own stupidity.

Steve chuckled, "I had a feeling you were a photographer," he gestured to Jonathan's apartment, "Everyone has pictures on their walls, but yours are actually really good," he smirked slowly, "and I maybe saw the expensive camera set up in the room before the bathroom."

Jonathan laughed, "I was supposed to take it down to the studio but my client canceled on me," he rolled his eyes, taking another slow sip, "again."

"Mm, aren't models pretentious?" Steve winked, his own glass pressed to his bottom lip and Jonathan laughed softly, head shaking.

"Most of them call me pretentious, actually," he smiled softly as he stared down at the red liquid, "I just like getting perfect shots and I know what looks good and what doesn't and I'm the one taking the pictures so I'll get them however I want to."

Steve hummed, easing back onto the couch. He turned his head at the sound of a lonely mewl and he grinned as the fluffy white cat hopped up onto his lap, "Well, hi, who are you?" he stroked her chin.

"That's Duchess," Jonathan murmured, eyes closing as he leaned his head back, "She usually hides away from anyone I bring home, so this is interesting."

"Bring a lot of men home, do you?"

Jonathan's eyes popped open, mortified, "N-no, that's not what I-" he felt Steve's hand on his knee and he quieted, staring up into those warm brown eyes.

"I was joking," Steve murmured, his head lowering slowly. He barely brushed his lips over Jonathan's when Duchess suddenly mewled again, raising her own face to rub against Steve's cheek.

Jonathan laughed into the back of his hand, watching Steve's hand gently pet the ragdoll on the head. "She seems to be jealous."

"She does," Steve agreed, smiling down at the cat, "Sorry, sweet girl, but as beautiful as you are, you pale in comparison to your daddy."

What a cliché line.

Why the fuck did this guy make him blush so much?!

--

“Can you move your hair a bit to the other side of your face?” Jonathan adjusted the setting on the camera, grabbing it from his tripod and moving to the bed.

Steve brushed his hair a bit and then grumbled as he fought with the sleeve of the large navy colored coat. “This fabric is so heavy,” he brushed his fingers over his hair a bit. “This okay?”

It was okay but...

“Here,” Jonathan set down his camera, climbing onto the bed. He placed his knee in between Steve’s spread legs, slowly curling his fingers through that thick hair. He brushed it to one side and made the mistake of staring down into Steve’s smoldering brown eyes. “That...” he licked his lips and he felt his lower half tingle in pleasure as Steve’s eyes zeroed in on the movement. “That should do it.”

Steve didn’t answer and he moved fast. Pressing one arm on the bed, he pushed himself up, claiming Jonathan’s lips smoothly. He wrapped the arm that was out of the navy sleeve around Jonathan’s waist and tugged down, their bodies landing on the soft sheets gently.

Jonathan’s lips parted in a quiet moan and he shuddered as he felt the slick tongue slide past his opened mouth. He wrapped his lips around it, sucking hard and feeling Steve’s fingers dig into his hip, hearing the growl escape the older man’s chest.

“We,” Jonathan panted as he pulled away, “We should really get these pictures done, your agent is waiting to-” he gasped as Steve merely looped an arm over his waist, flipping them over and sprawling Jonathan over the bed.

“Later,” Steve breathed, ducking his head to kiss at Jonathan’s throat, “been wanting to kiss you, love you, since I almost spilled my damn coffee on you.”

“That was only two weeks ago,” Jonathan reminded him and he arched his hips with a high gasp as Steve nibbled on his pulse point.

“Call me a cliché,” Steve muttered, dragging his tongue up the fluttering point, “but I’m pretty fucking sure that it was love at first sight.”

Jonathan hated cliché’s. He’d never believed in them.

Seems he’d been wrong about them the whole time.

--

Author's Note:

YOU GUYS TOMORROW’S FIC IS SOMETHING I’M REALLY CONSIDERING MAKING A FULL LENGTH FIC SO PLEASE LET ME KNOW IF YOU LIKE IT.

All caps bc it’s literally my fav Stonathan week prompt I’ve written so yeah. Kinda a big deal.